

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

11-5-2016

Elective Recital: Bergen Price, mezzo-soprano

Bergen Price

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

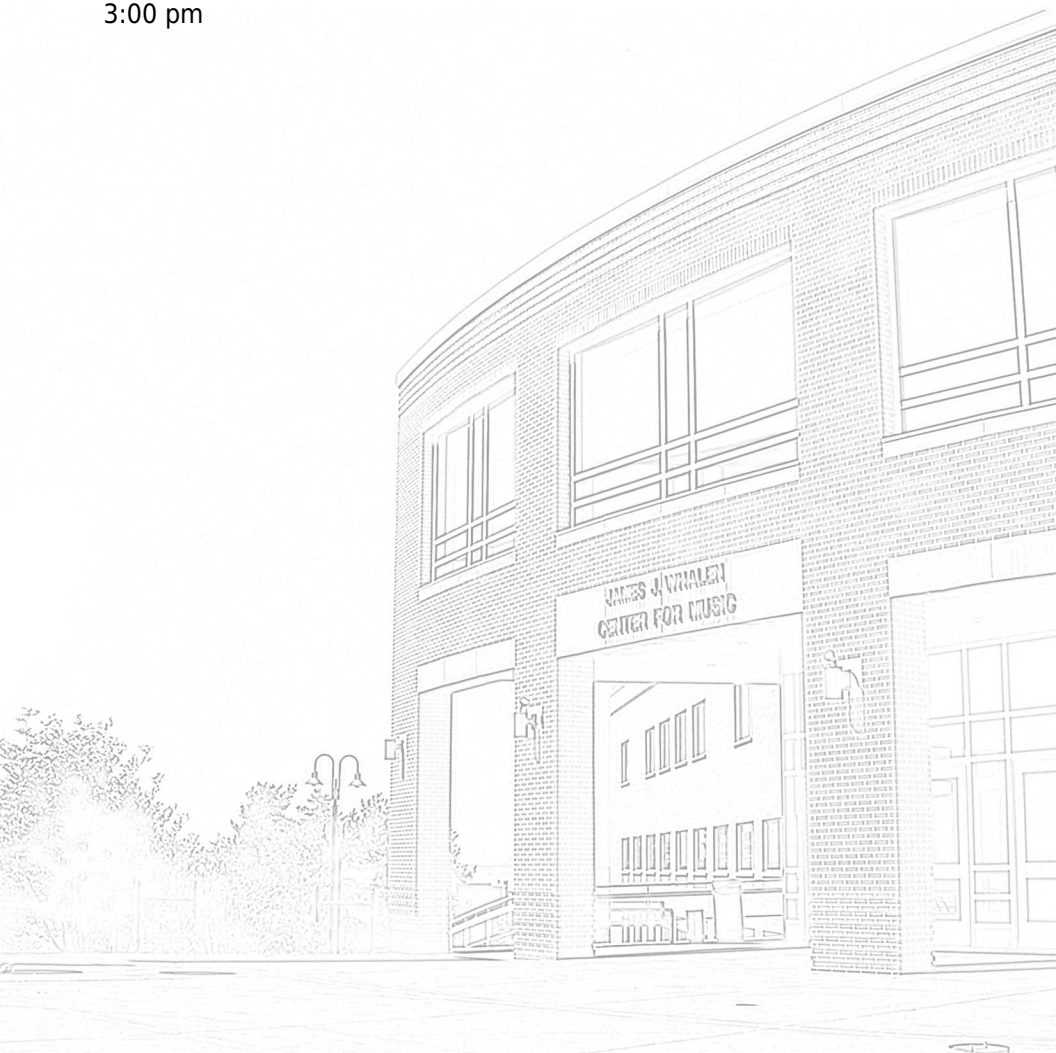
Price, Bergen, "Elective Recital: Bergen Price, mezzo-soprano" (2016). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 2378.
https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/2378

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Elective Recital:
Bergen Price, mezzo-soprano

Oliver Scott, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday, November 5th, 2016
3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Voi che sapete"

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

"Torno di Tito a lato"

from *La Clemenza di Tito*

Frauenliebe und -leben [Chamisso]

R. Schumann
(1810-1856)

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen
2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
5. Helft, mir, ihr, Schwestern

Intermission

Three Marches Militaires, op. 51 D. 733

F. Schubert
(1797-1828)

Op. 13

1. A Nun Takes the Veil
2. The Secrets of the Old
3. Sure on this shining night

S. Barber
(1910-1981)

Con amores, la mi madre

F. Obradors
(1897-1945)

Al amor

Translations

Voi che sapete

Voi, che sapete che cosa è amor,	You who know what love is,
Donne, vedete, si'ò l'ho nel cor.	Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
Quello ch'io provo, vi ridirò,	I will explain to you what I am feeling,
È per me nuovo capir nol so.	it is new to me and I don't understand it.
Sento un affetto pien di desir,	I sense a tender feeling, full of desire,
Ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir.	which is pleasure and turns into agony.
Gelo, e poi sento l'alma avvampar,	I freeze and then feel that my soul is in flames
E in un momento torno a gelar.	and in another moment, I return to ice.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,	I seek a prize outside of myself,
non so chi'il tiene,	I do not know what it holds,
non so cos' è.	I do not know what it is.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,	I sigh and moan without wanting to,
Palpito e tremo senza saper.	I quiver and tremble without knowing why.
Non trovo pace notte, nè dì,	I do not find peace at night or day,
Ma pur mi piace languir così.	Yet it pleases me to suffer this way.

Torna di Tito a lato

Torna di Tito a lato; torna, e l'error passato con replicate emenda prove di fedeltà.	Return to Tito's side; return, and the error past with repeated amend proves fidelity.
--	---

L'acer bo tuo dolore
e segno manifesto
che di virtù nel core
l'immagine tista.

Your bitter sorrow
is a sign of manifestation
that the image of
virtue remains in your heart.

Frauenliebe und -leben

1. Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
glaub' ich blind zu sein;
wo ich hin nur blicke,
seh' ich ihn allein;
wei im wachen Traume
schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel

heller, heller nur empor.

Since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind;
where I hence only look,
I see him alone;
as in waking dreams,
his image floats before me,
rising from the deepest
darkness,
brighter, brighter in ascent.

Sonst ist licht und farblos
alles um mich her,
nach der Schwestern Spiele
nicht begehrt' ich mehr,
möchte lieber weinen,
still im Kämmerlein;
seit ich ihn gesehen,
glaub' ich blind zu sein.

All else is light and colorless
everywhere around me,
for I no longer desire
to play my sister's games,
I would rather weep,
quietly in my room;
Since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

2. Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von Allen,
wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
heller Sinn und fester Muth.

He, the most wonderful of all,
O how gentle, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast
courage.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
also Er an meinem Himmel,
hell und herrlich, hehr und
fern.

Just as yonder in the blue
depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and
distant.

Wandle, wandle deine
Bahnen,
nur betrachten deinen
Schein,
nur in Demuth ihn
betrachten,
selig nur und traurig sein!

Go, go thy paths,
but to observe your radiance,
but to observe in meekness,
but to be blissful and sad!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
darfst mich, nied're Magd,
nicht kennen
hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Hear not my silent prayer,
Dedicated only to your
happiness;
you may not know me, lowly
maid,
lofty star of glory!

Nur die Würdigste von Allen
darf beglücken deine Wahl,
und ich will die Hohe segnen
viele tausend mal.

Only the worthiest of women,
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty
one,
many thousand times.

Will mich freuen dann und
weinen,
selig, selig bin ich dann,
solite mir das Herz auch
brechen,
brich, o Herz, was licht
daran?

I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I'll be then,
if my heart should also
break,
break, O heart, what of it?

5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr schwestern,
freundlich mich schmücken,

Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,

dient der Glücklichen heute,
mir.
Windet geschäftig
mir um die Stirne
noch der blühenden Myrthe
Zier.

Als ich be friedigt,
freudigen Herzen,
sonst dem Geliebten im
Arme lag,
immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
unge duldig den heutigen
Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
helft mir verscheuchen
eine thörichte Bangigkeit;
dass ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangе,
ihn, die Quelle der
Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Gelibter,
du mir erschienen,
giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen
Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
lass mich in Demuth,
lass mich verneigen dem,
Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
streuet ihm Blumen,
bringet ihm knospende
Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern,
grüss ich mit Wehmuth,
freudig scheidend aus eurer
Scharr.

serve me, today's fortunate
one.
Busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of blooming
myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have laid in the arms
of the beloved,
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present
day.

Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety;
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.

You are my beloved,
You appear before me,
givest thou, sun, thy shine to
me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses.
But ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your
midst.

Con amores, la mi madre

Con amores, la mi madre,
con amores me dormí;
así dormida soñaba
lo que el corazón velaba,

que el amor me consolaba
con más bien que merecí.

Adormecióme el favor

que amor me dió con amor;

dió descanso a mi dolor
la fe con que le serví.
Con amores, la mi madre,
con amores me dormí!

With love, my mother,
with love I fell asleep;
thus asleep, I was dreaming
that which my heart was
hiding,

that love was consoling me
with more good than I
deserved.

The kindness lulled me to
sleep

what love gave me, with
love;

put to bed my pain by
the faith which I serve you.

With love, my mother,
with love I fell asleep!

Al amor

Dame, Amor, besos sin
cuento,

asido de mis cabellos,
y mil y ciento tras ellos

y tras ellos mil y ciento

y después...

De muchos millares tres!

Y porque nadie lo sienta

desbaratemos la cuenta
y... contemos al revés!

Give me, love, kisses without
count,

grasped by my hair,
and a thousand and a
hundred after that,

and after those a thousand
and a hundred

and then...

of many thousands, give me
three more!

And because no one will
regret it,

let us spoil the count
and begin counting
backwards!